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"That seriously gives me a hard-on"  
Velarian Francis, on high-res modelling

Front Cover:  
Alex Wenchel  
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# THE ADMINISTRATION LOVES CRACK

by Jacob Lefton

Ladies and gentlemen, I would like to welcome back our vitriolic editor. I know some of you missed me while I was away learning how to be prim and proper and mild mannered so I wouldn't step on any toes while I was on the board of trustees. Now, I'm still on the board, but this semester is turning out to be a 'no more Mr. Nice guy semester.' It's cool and all, 'cause you know, I don't have a Div III or anything to worry about.

Quite frankly, there is some shit here that has to stop. This shit is called,

"Students have been increasingly cut out of decision-making processes."

There, I said it. The whole reason half of us came to Hampshire was so that we could be part of decision-making processes. Thus far, I know of four issues in which students have been or are in the process of being royally screwed over. I wish I could tell you about all of it, but I'm only going to share one piece of it right now.

Have you ever heard of a "Blackout Weekend?"

It's a device through which students' rights are stripped. Let me illustrate: Hampshire Halloween, exam weekend, and the week before classes. You are not allowed to plan events that are not purely academic or in the case of Halloween, directly associated with the event. Between the first and last week of classes in the fall, there is one. In all previous years that I have been here, there has also been one during the spring—Spring Jam.

This year, Student Services, in conjunction with Physical Plant, and Public Safety have tacked on **TWO** additional weekends that are 'Blackout' weekends.

The total number of weekends in the two months before Commencement: 2

The total number of weekends Blacked Out: 6

I spoke with Student Services, who say they came together over the summer to figure out how to "better manage student events." Public Safety and Physical Plant are 'overwhelmed.' There is a lack of dispatch officers, there is poor management of spaces. Student Activities is severely undermanned. Their solution? To "better manage" student events by denying them. What students thought of this, and what they could do to help was never taken into account. Apparently there are some details of student life that students don't deserve a say in.

I have set a two-week deadline to remove the Blackout weekends entirely. I have asked for Phys. Plant and Public Safety to tell us what they need to have proper 'resources.' If they even answer, I expect their demands will be an impossible strain on Student Services, and I expect student services will turn to the Student Activities Fund to pay for it. Is this reasonable? You tell me—it's your money. However,

We will not take 'No' for an answer.

Students have taken 'no' one too many times from this fucking school. Not this time. We can not settle for an exceptions process. We cannot settle for having to grovel and worm our way through extra paperwork to exercise rights that have been stripped from us.

Why am I telling you this? Because I need your help. There is a high chance I will be told a big fat 'No.' If this is the case, I need you to help me win the students some respect at this college. I will e-mail all students informing you of the outcome and the next steps in a plan of action.

Even if this all does settle without a fight, always hold a little contempt in your heart for Student Services. Never forget how quick they are to forget students.

Especially bring your feelings when the Dean of Students candidates visit campus at the end of February.

# POLICY

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The Omen is a biweekly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an is-

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Volume 30 • Issue 2

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## Hating on Valentine's Day

by Emily Waid-Jones+

For those of you who have either read Nick Hornby's High Fidelity, or at least seen the movie version with John Cusack, you will understand what I mean when I say I'm going through one of those "WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN???" things. In the past week I was someone's girlfriend for 24 hours, I called an ex I haven't spoken to in a year for relationship advice, and had multiple rather steamy dreams about another ex. A friend told me last night that dreams such as those must mean that I still love him, but honestly, I think it means I'm sexually frustrated. "shrug" In any case, I find it incredibly inconvenient that this crisis is happening right around Valentine's Day. And, as usual, the Omen is here for me as a therapy/bitch session of sorts. Thank you, Omen. Not only do you own my soul, but you have my heart as well. Awwwww.

I'd just like to start off by saying that I absolutely cannot stand Valentine's Day. I find it to be one of the most repulsive, sickly sweet days on the calendar. Nothing disgusts me more than walking into a restaurant on February 14<sup>th</sup> (or any location on that particular day, for that matter) and seeing all those happy couples glommed all over each other, whispering sweet nothings into their partner's ear, and playing footsy under the table. Does it make me want to scoop out my eyeballs with soup spoons? Yes, it most certainly does. But I don't, because as much as I loathe this day, I also get a sick pleasure out of watching everyone and wishing that, maybe one day, I too will be one of those gross couples who is happy and smiling and talking about babies and life and whatever else it is that happy people talk about.

I think my hatred for Valentine's Day began at the tender age of 6 when I kissed a one Zack Lavigne behind the cubbies and he pushed me away and told me I had cooties. (He changed his mind about me having such an affliction midway through senior year, but that is beside the point.) In any case, from that point forward, I was destined to have a very strange series of Valentine's Days. Up until my junior year when I finally got a real boyfriend, my February 14's

were blatantly ignored. I flat out refused to recognize them as anything more than any other day of the year. Sometimes, if I felt motivated enough, I made anti-Valentine's cards that I passed out to my friends on the 13<sup>th</sup>. Ninth grade was a particularly exciting February 13<sup>th</sup> celebration because it landed on a Friday, and I thought that was pretty badass. For the most part though, while I was shunning the 14<sup>th</sup>, I simultaneously spent the day moping that I didn't have someone to share it with.

Finally, junior year rolled around and I snagged myself a steady. This elated me because it meant that my Valentine's Day would, at long last, be a good one. The gods, however, didn't think it was my time yet and sent me off to Puerto Rico with my family. (That is not a complaint. Puerto Rico was THE SHIZ. The rescheduling of February 14<sup>th</sup> to a later date, however, was the issue at hand.) My boyfriend at the time was a needy sonofabitch and resented the fact that I had to be gone on "ONLY THE MOST IMPORTANT DAY OF THE YEAR FOR THOSE OF US IN A RELATIONSHIP!!!!!!one!!!" and made it his personal goal to piss and moan about it for several weeks until I gave in and felt bad about it.

When I got back from winter break we went ice-skating as a belated V-Day celebration. From what I can recall of that day, he gave me a Chapstick, a pair of socks, and a several hour argument. So, all in all, not such a great day and only reinstated my passionate dislike for Valentine's Day. We eventually got over it and I stuck with him for another year. I then proceeded to break up with him on the following Valentine's Day. Whoops. My bad. \*sheepish grin\* A month after I broke up with Adam Loveland (yes, that really is his last name), I somehow managed to woo my aforementioned first grade crush and we spent a lovely few months together. As he was a notorious romantic, I was excited at the prospects of sharing both a noteworthy and positive Valentine's Day with Mr. Lavigne. Obviously that didn't work out. We split in October because we went away to college and he forgot

VALENTINEZ DAI IZ HOLIDAI CELEBRATD ON FEBRUARY 14. IT TEH TRADISHUNAL DAI ON WHICH LOVERS EXPRES THEIR LUV 4 EACH OTHR; SENDIN VALENTINEZ CARDZ, OR OFFERIN CONFECSHUNERY. — *Wikipedia, on Valentinez Dai*

about me. We haven't spoken in months. I guess that would bring us up to date on my Valentine's Day woes.

As I mentioned before, I was somebody's girlfriend from Monday the 4th to Tuesday the 5th. That is indeed true. As it stands right now, I'm not really sure what we are if it is anything at all. Hence my *High Fidelity* "WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN???" crisis. At this point in time I'm not sure I really completely understand the whole dating scene. It seems to me that people either want to randomly hook up with one and other or be practically married. Neither of those options appeals to me. I'm awkward enough as it is.

## Where are all the Valentines?

by the Omen

**Happy Valentine's Day!**

You may be flipping through this issue of the *Omen* wondering where all the valentines are. You ask yourself, "Didn't I get one of those in my mailbox-thing or whatever?" And of course you filled it out and put it in the pink drop box like all the other good little boys and girls, because the *Omen* loves you.

A slow panic spreads across your gut and rises, with bile, to your throat. You taste acid on the back of your tongue, and your palms start to sweat. As your heart starts to pound desperately against the confines of your chest, you prepare to ask the mind-numbing question:

"Does the Omen not love me anymore?"

Focusing for you becomes hard. The words start to swim on the pages. You fall.

But the Omen catches you. It cradles you in its arms and gently helps you to your feet, and offers you a drink of water to clear the fog from your head.

Because, the Omen *does* love you.

What you say? How does the Omen love me? Hast it not forsaken our sacred vow to deliver the valentines in the Valentine's Day publication? Hast it not broken the trust of the deep laws of the natural order by not delivering these most sacred of sacraments to our most sacred of publications?

How dare you accuse the Omen of that most heinous  
act!

Never before in the history of the college has the Omen seen such an outpouring of love and brothership (and

so I'd rather not throw one night stands into the plethora of situations I don't know how to deal with. As for the marriage thing... I'm only 18, guys! I have a whole life ahead of me! I don't want to feel obligated to love my college sweetheart forever! I mean, if I do that's cool, but jeez... forever is an awfully long time. Anyway, maybe this Valentine's Day will be different, but I'm not getting my hopes up. I am a professional cynic, after all. ☹

sistership and underdefined-gender-transrelationfriendship-ship and anything else that has yet to be categorized). Never before has the Omen been so heartened by the simple decent act of two hundred valentines being sent across campus to various people. Nearly a tear came to its eye.

Indeed, it may have once been a phenomena known only to those with the same genetic disorder known as Geisel's Grinch—a very small portion of the population—but the Omen now knows it knows no bounds, because on that very day the Omen's heart grew from two sizes too small to three sizes to big.


These valentines, they deserved more than the confines of the pages of the *regular* Omen, to the extent that you can call the Omen regular (more than the Climax, but that's about it). Nay, these valentines deserved their *own* publication this year. They have grown up, matured, and are now on a vision quest. They will kill a lion with their bare hands, eat its heart to gain its powers, and in doing so only then will the valentines truly be adult.

And the Omen must grant them that respect, out of its consideration and its decency and, yes, its love for you.

So, keep your eyes peeled for the Omen's Valentine's Day special. There are sixty pages of valentines submitted by your peers. Read them. Cherish them.

Hug your friend.

Smile at a stranger.

Always remember, the Omen loves you. 



## This Valentine's Day...

by Moriah Karn

This Valentine's Day how about showing your love for non-human animals too! End Primate Testing at UMass Amherst! Many community members (that is, five college community) are unaware that at UMass Amherst there are multiple experiments being performed on primates. These experiments are cruel, unethical, unnecessary, and need to be stopped.

We are a group of concerned citizens working to end the primate experimentation at UMass Amherst who are looking for your help with our campaign.

There are many different reasons to oppose animal testing. There is the ethical argument, which is that testing on animals is oppressive and unjust. There is the economic or practical aspect, which is that money and efforts being put towards testing on animals could be better used to help humans by different means. There is the scientific aspect, which is that quite often the science behind animal tests is incorrect and not transferable to humans. More and more scientists are moving away from animal tests to other more accurate forms of research. And there is the legal aspect, which is that sometimes the ways that animals are being treated in the animals tests break certain laws like the Animal Welfare Act, which dictate how animals can be treated. If laws are being broken, there is strong ground to stop the tests. See below to see how you can help us find out if laws are being broken. Despite the countless animals killed each year in laboratories worldwide, most countries have grossly inadequate regulatory measures to protect animals from suffering and distress or to

prevent them from being used when a non-animal approach is clearly available.

Because Primates are biologically very close to humans, the claim is made that they are supposedly valuable for research. If the case could be proven that Primate Research produces results that are of great benefit to mankind in the alleviation of suffering and the eradication of disease, it would be harder to oppose. However, the results show just

the opposite, that the results are not often reproducible and that the research causes unwarranted pain and suffering to our next closest links in the animal world. Therefore, it is immoral from an ethical perspective to inflict such pain and suffering on these sentient animals.

Once example is the work of Professor Melinda Novak (UMass Amherst Psychology Department Chair) who is currently well into a 14 year research project investigating Self-Injurious Behavior (SIB) in primates. To do so, she is exposing primates to stressful environments which result in primates committing acts of self mutilation though biting and other such activity. Ask Melinda Novak to end her 14 year primate experiment early! As of this year, the grant for her SIB research passed \$4.5 million. Think of what this \$4.5 million could have otherwise been spent on! What has her research produced to date? We can now see the results of primates which are subjected to conditions that would never occur in nature and which we would not allow to be applied to prisoners because of the level of cruelty it invokes. This research does not make us more knowledgeable; it makes us more savage. (<http://euryale.sbs.umass.edu/PsychWeb/People/MiniWebPages/novak.html>).

Jerrold Meyer, another UMass researcher is not only collaborating with Melinda Novak on researching Self-Injurious Behavior in primates, but he is working with Researcher Craig Ferris (UMass Medical School, Worcester) on a similarly unproductive study. Their project includes exposing primates to long term chronic use of MDMA, more commonly known as ecstasy. If the objective of the research were to determine whether it is safe for Primates to drop ecstasy when they are clubbing, the research might easier for these scientists to justify.

We already know that ecstasy and related drugs are harmful to humans and the research is not necessary to our further understanding of this socio-scientific issue. Accordingly, I demand that Jerrold Meyer sever his ties to the cruel and unnecessary experiments he is currently

undertaking. Each year, Jerrold Meyer and his colleagues receive over \$554,000 for their research on addicting primates to ecstasy. (<http://euryale.sbs.umass.edu/PsychWeb/People/MiniWebPages/meyer.html>).

It is not our intent to diminish the reputations or the scientific capabilities of these researchers. Rather it is because we respect their credentials and research portfolios that we want them to apply their great talent to problems that matter and which can be pursued without exposing innocent primates to these abominable conditions. As humans, we are better than that, and it is our responsibility to seek alternatives.

Numerous other scientific techniques are available that would help these outstanding scientists further the learning process. However, we need to be – and we need them to be – honest about the reasons their projects are structured as they are. The institutional review boards (IRBs) are not currently doing an adequate job of evaluating the research objectives and the processes these researches intend to use, or we would not be in this predicament. Hampshire Animal Liberation Advocacy and others are urging the administrations and research professors at the five colleges to abandon the cruel and archaic techniques of the past and work towards developing an acceptable standard.

Animal Abuse can include any of the following possible violations:

- \* People hitting, screaming at, or otherwise abusing animals
- \* Animals who are sick, emaciated, bloody or otherwise obviously ill and injured and not receiving veterinary care
- \* Animals showing signs of cage stress -- such as self-mutilation -- caused by deprivation
- \* Animals caged in a manner that causes them to become aggressive and attack one another
- \* Animals confined to filthy or dangerous cages (broken wires, etc.)
- \* Animals given insufficient pain relief during painful procedures or insufficient post-trauma or post-surgery pain relief
- \* Animals denied sufficient food or water
- \* Animals killed in painful ways (e.g. mice having their heads cut off with scissors, live animals being placed in

If you have seen any animal abuse in the labs at UMass Amherst please call our anonymous hotline at (413)548-5803 or email us at [endtestingnow@gmail.com](mailto:endtestingnow@gmail.com). If you have seen animal abuse in some other form please contact your local animal control officer or shelter to find out what can be done. If the abuse is at another laboratory facility, you can contact PETA at [whistleblower@peta.org](mailto:whistleblower@peta.org)

freezers)

- \* Primates given insufficiently varied diets or kept in barren cages
- \* Animals marked for identification in cruel ways (e.g. by amputation of toes)

In your report, please include:

- \* Complainant's name (optional)
- \* Institution where Instance Occurred
- \* The nature of the concern(s)
- \* Description of the event or charge (including dates of observation) of the alleged violation(s)
- \* Copies of any written, photographic, or taped documentation to substantiate the complaint
- \* Names of other contacts who may corroborate the complainant's concerns

“DIS RESEARCH DOES NOT MAKE US MORE KNOWLEDGEABLE; IT MAKES US MORE SAVAGE. — End Primate Testing!”



## See Council

by Mida McKenrick

Community Council is turning out to be just as busy as everyone else this spring semester. With so many great ideas from students, staff and faculty, we have an exciting agenda. Last semester, among other accomplishments, we ratified new bylaws. This semester we are going to follow them. Below is the opening clause, our mission, from our new bylaws and some of the projects we are working on to fulfill those statements. If you would like to work with us, we are now accepting **NOMINATIONS** for the spring semester term. Join us as we work to improve the community.

a. Community Council is a body established by the Hampshire Community with responsibility for the following:

i. Regulations concerning the quality of life on campus and the well being of the college community.

Remember last semester, the all-community meetings on Campus Security and Security Cameras? Community Council put those meetings together after a request for student input on the necessity of installing cameras. Over Jan-term information on the location of crime at Hampshire and the expense of the cameras was compiled and a publication will be distributed soon. This issue will be put to a vote in the coming months.

ii. Relations of Hampshire College to the surrounding community.

Have you ever been down to the compost heap? Its gross, but the crows love it. Community Council is working together with a group of motivated students to revamp the composting system to be more effective and allow us to incorporate compost from other schools, such as Mount Holyoke. The compost could then be used on the farm and sold locally. This is a chance for Hampshire to reach out to other schools and aid them with their waste management and recycling.

iii. Collecting, maintaining, and distributing the Student Activities Fee.

FiCom is ready for the new semester. Signer Seminar is THIS SATURDAY from 12:00-4:00pm. This is mandatory

for all (new and old) signers. Budgets for next semester are now posted on [Hampedia.org](http://Hampedia.org). It is time to start filling out Purchase Orders and planning events.

iv. Establishing, maintaining, and promoting the Community Norms.

Did you know that under the current party policy, only one party can be register per residence (i.e. Prescott or Dakin)? The maximum capacity of most mods and halls are about 50 people (according to fire code anyway) and this is not nearly enough party for all of Hampshire. Community Council is looking into the party policy to encourage safe and fun partying.

b. Council shall also advocate student, staff, faculty, and administrative interests.

Community Council is still at it.

Is there something you would like to see addressed on campus? Come to our meetings Tuesdays 3:30-5:00 in the Faculty Lounge, FPH and see what else we are working on.

We are currently accepting **NOMINATIONS** for new council members and elections will be held soon. Email your nominations to [council@hampshire.edu](mailto:council@hampshire.edu). All of our meetings are open to the community, so come check us out and see if Community Council is for you.

## LOUISA and Harriet

Sisterly Affection  
by Audrey Weber





## by Flarnie Nonemaker •

10. There are generally not many people, so there is always room in the middle room.
9. All sounds seem louder in the middle room, sometimes they almost echo off the walls. People in the middle room get to hear lots of talking and laughing and sometimes singing.
8. In the early morning it is extra quiet and dark in the middle room, and you can watch morning begin through the big windows.
7. There are two entrances to the middleroom, so from that point I have equal access to both other quadrants of the Dining Commons.
6. The middle room is frequently a gathering place of geeks and gamers, and they are as excited about esoteric and weird subjects as I am.
5. A few tables in the middle room are uneven or shake when people sit down, this makes eating more challenging and exciting.
4. In January the middle room is a great place to learn Spanish!
3. The floor is carpeted! This means your chair does not make a terrible squeak when you move it.
2. I know most of the people who sit there, so there is always a friendly face.
1. It is cozy and small, so I never worry about where to sit in the middle room. There are usually only 1 or 2 groups of people sitting there, so the choice becomes easy.

## by David Axel Kurtz

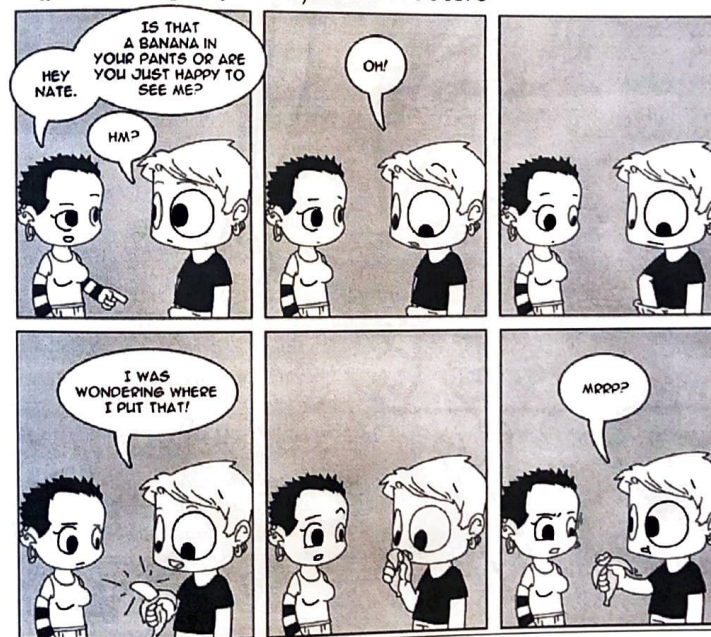
and breath is cliché  
and what then?  
when we drown within that hard-won sea  
of plentiful banality  
then in fiction we will dwell  
and Art will be our sole ambition  
to reflect any other condition  
but the one in which we lie  
we will escape back to the mortal coil  
if only in fantasy; back to the soil  
we will seek to fly  
when we have passed DEATH by  
we will seek to die

-waiting for the phlebotomist  
maine, 2007

## The Bedouin praying solitarily

The Bedouin praying solitarily  
Between sun and sand  
And land and land  
Is no more nor less alone than I  
I see that now, I see  
For I seek not that sun-drenched sea  
but rather the novelty  
of a change of scenery  
In a day or two that would pass by  
And alone again would I be  
In a new place, but I should face  
Still nothing but me, and bored I would be  
I should be just as free  
And that is what would trouble me

## Nate Vs. Pick-up Lines II by Nate Wooters





## Valentine by Athena Currier



## Serious Business

by Chris Semple →

Dear Everyone Who Hasn't Yet Seen the New Urinals  
in the Men's Library Bathroom,

What the shit is wrong with you? Seriously. Why haven't you been to pee in the men's bathroom at the library lately? Are you afraid to use that bathroom? Why? **WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO HIDE?** Because this bathroom has nothing to hide. In fact, if this bathroom were a person, or, like, a bathroom with a mouth and it could talk through that mouth it'd be all like, "Hey guys, come take a piss in one of my new urinals!"

I'm assuming you would respond one of two ways:

1) Be a little grossed out by what the bathroom just said to you

or

2) Start screaming because

AHHHH! TALKING BATHROOM!

Those are moot points both. What is *not* moot are these bathrooms. I mean, they must be great if a *bathroom* started talking to you about them. Amiright?

I'll never forget my first time. I was walking into the bathroom to use what I thought would be the normal bathroom that I usually frequent, but instead it was a bathroom with completely new urinals! As I stood there taking care of my business two thoughts crossed my mind. First, I mulled over the graffiti on the wall, "sick of brand culture? [adbusters.org](http://adbusters.org)" I remember really wishing I had a sharpie on me, because I was totally going to write "brand culture 2.0" right below the URL, which would have been super clever and a harsh blow to the disestablishmentarianism graffiti establishment on campus, a blow from which they would never recover.

Second, I wondered how I was going to flush this toilet. Was it- was it automatic? No. No sensors. Assuming that the little nub protruding from the wall was the button I had to push to flush the toilet, I jabbed at it several times with my pudgy fingers in an attempt to release the gushing torrents of water I was so accustomed to (my fingers aren't actually pudgy, but pudgy fingers are funnier to me, especially in times of helplessness). Then it occurred to me: this urinal was waterless! My mind was blown. This was greater than the first time I had sex, which, granted, was a really awkward and interrupted experience, but regardless, this was better

than that! I spent a good minute or two, after I finished up, just standing there, thinking to myself that this must have been how Marcel Duchamp felt when he signed his named on a urinal, and I very much contemplated just removing one of the urinals so I could take it back to my dorm room and stare at, but in the end I decided to leave it, so the masses could continue to come and gaze upon these majestic modern marvels both.

The new urinals in the library bathroom: Because if you don't go visit them, I should've just stolen one for myself.



NO MEANS NO!!!

unless there's a safe word...

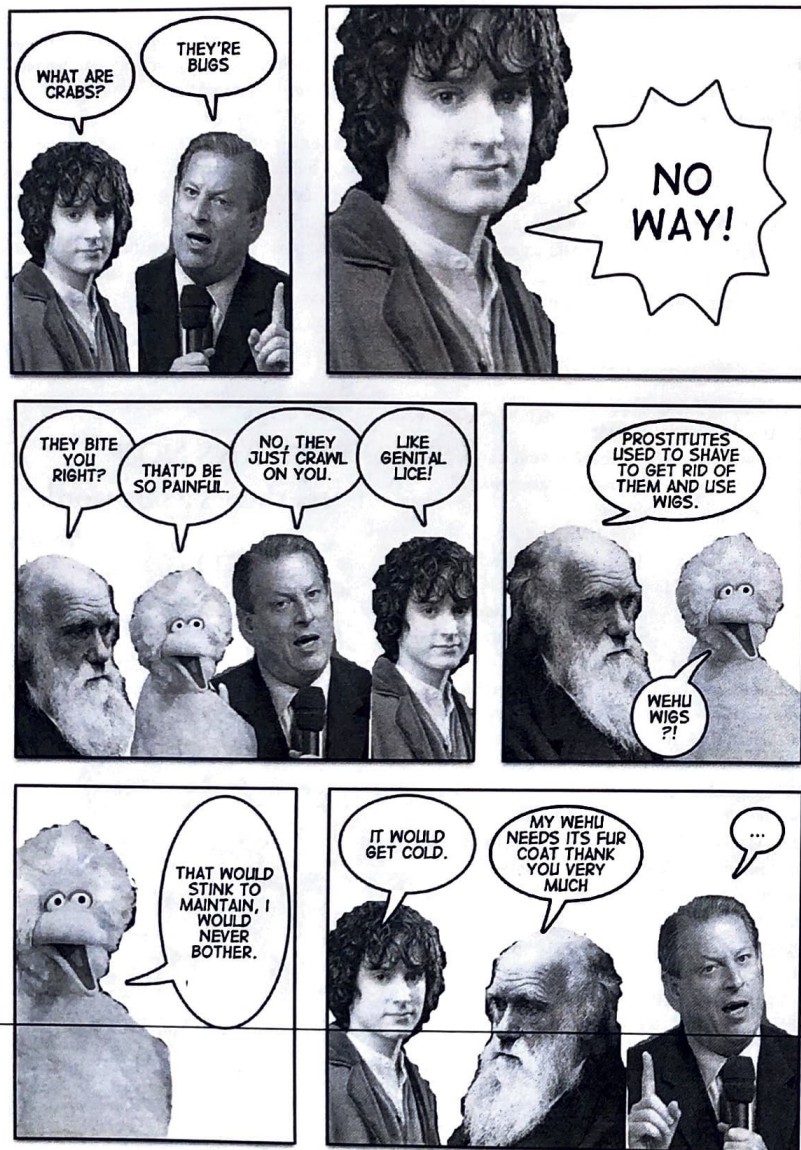
by Alex Wenchel





## Comic

by Audrey Weber



## David's Wisdom Nook

An Advice Column by David Mansfield



David Mansfield is the author of four self-help books: *Babies Don't Like Everyone*, *Finding Connections In A Reclusive Society*, *Making Marriages Last*, and *The Great Big Book of Trains*. He teaches a yearly seminar on Roald Dahl's *Matilda* at Hampshire College.

DEAR DAVID: I recently made a new friend at work, "Molly." We seemed to hit it off, but after a few months I have realized that Molly is a pathological liar. I haven't confronted her on this, but lately I have been noticing inconsistencies in what she tells me about her life. I don't know what to believe anymore. Shortly after we met she talked about growing up in California, but recently it has changed to Nebraska. She used to make occasional references to her ill aunt, but last week when I asked how her aunt was doing she was apparently caught off guard and didn't know what I was talking about. So far I've only noticed her being dishonest about small things, but that makes me afraid that she might be lying about bigger things too, like her husband and kids. How can I confront her on this and find out the truth?

A Lied-To Lady Under Pressure

DEAR ALTLUP: Maybe it's time to think less about what is "true" and more about why Molly's aunt has disappeared, and why she has taken Molly's memory with her. Could she, perhaps, have been some kind of ghost or angel all along, and now that the story is over and she has saved the day,

she has mysteriously vanished and erased all memory of her existence. I doubt this is the case, though, since the angel figure usually makes everyone BUT the person she was helping forget about her, rather than the other way around. Still, it couldn't hurt to ask.

It's possible that something more sinister is going on, and that this goes deeper than you think. Don't rule out a conspiracy connected to why Molly can't remember where she grew up, or the possible relocation of Nebraska to the space currently occupied by California. What I want to know is, what are they planning to do with California? You can't just make a state disappear! You can't!

Evacuating California should be your first plan of action, followed by confronting Molly and taking a short nap. Studies have shown that sleeping on a problem allows your brain to make connections that are blocked while you're awake, giving you a better view of the big picture. Also, evacuating the most populous state in our glorious union can be tiring.

I didn't say this would be easy. But if you're determined and really want it, it is possible.

That's all for now. For more, visit the archives at [davidswisdomnook.blogspot.com](http://davidswisdomnook.blogspot.com).

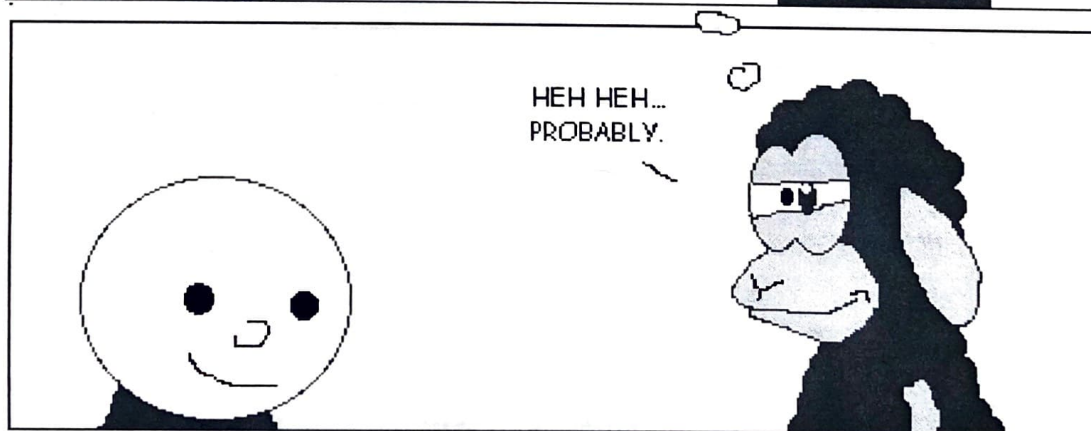
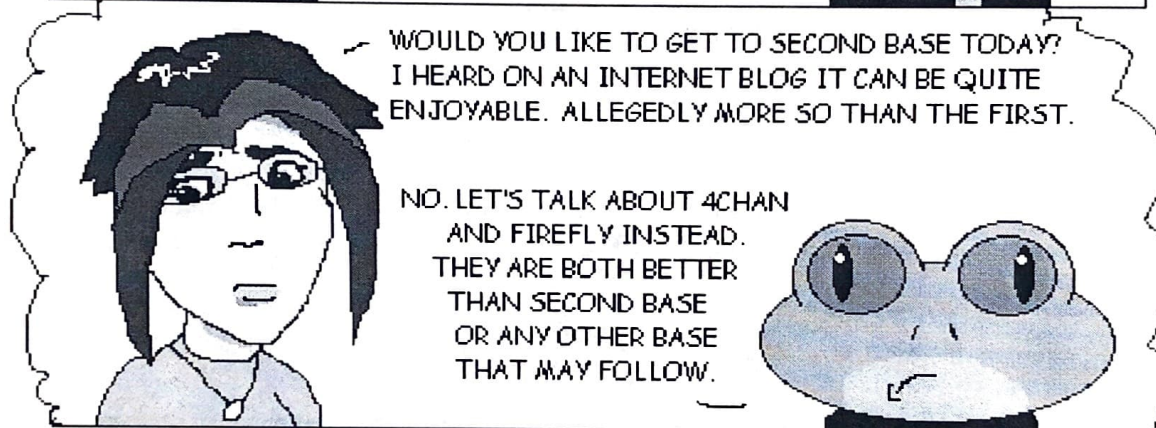




This is the Title of My Article

# BLACK SHEEP & FROG 's

... 3rd Valentine's Day Special



BY ANDREW FLANAGAN